

DAME TROT

AND HER DROLL CAT.



“ I’ll bring my friends,” says
Trot to Puss,

“ To see your clothes so new ;
For what avails such costly gear
If not expos’d to view ? ”

Puss turn’d up her proud nose
at this,

And looked very sly ;
For having now become a Miss,
She’d other fish to fry.

CHILDREN'S BOOK
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LOS ANGELES



Then old Dame Trot pull'd to the
door,
To keep her cat from slutting ;
But nimble Puss thrust in her
paw,
And kept the door from shut-
ting.

No sooner was her guardian gone,
Than down the stairs Puss ran,
And, heedless e'en of passing mice,
Her darling flight began.





Puss purr'd with joy when she
 had reach'd
 The outside of the door,
And, tucking up her petticoats,
 She stump'd the gutters o'er.

At length she came before a house,
 (Her feet inflam'd and sore)
Where a smart groom, with horses
 two,
 Had stood an hour or more.



The empty saddle on the horse,
With envious eyes Puss saw ;
And quietly says unto herself,
“ Necess’ty has no law.”

Then, prompt in action, up she
flew,
And gain’d the vacant seat :
But quick the man pursued her
when
He saw the wily feat.



Miss Pussy far outstript the groom,
In spite of summer's heat,
Nor stopt, until she reached an
inn,—
Then vaulted from her seat.

The landlord flew to meet his
guest,
And thought that she must be,
When so well mounted and so
drest,
Some Cat of quality.



He led her to an easy chair,
And brought her, in a trice,
A bowl of milk, regretting much
He could not offer mice.

Tho' Puss was tired with the ride,
Her breeding did not fail,—
She to the landlord bow'd with
grace,
Then made a hearty meal.



The supper o'er, poor Puss began
With sleep to nod her head,
And then the maid came with a
light,
To show her to a bed.

"This way, good madam, if you
please,
The sheets are air'd and clean :
Your bed, all down, will give such
ease,
As if you were a queen."



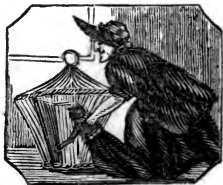
The landlady stood on the stairs
To bid her guest good-night;
Puss purr'd, and wish'd she had
the pow'r
Such kindness to requite.

No sooner had she gone to bed,
To rest her weary pate,
Than suddenly she heard below,
A loud knock at the gate.



'Twas old Dame Trot, who'd been
inform'd
Of Madam Pussey's route,
And with unwearied care and zeal
Had search'd and found her out.

The inn Trot enter'd in great
haste,
Enrag'd at Pussey's pranks,
And scolded her for half an hour,
For which she got no thanks.



She brought a basket in her hand,
In which to put poor Puss ;
And caught the culprit by the
neck,
As cat would seize a mouse.

Puss purr'd and mew'd with all
her might,
Resistance was in vain,
Dame opened the door and popt
her in,
Then trotted home again.



Puss in the basket trembling sat,
Afraid of being hung,
And, as they travell'd on the road,
Loud was the old Dame's tongue.

Cries Goody Trot, "You rambling
jade,
Why did you from me roam?
But dearly shall you smart for it,
As soon as you get home."



When the Dame had reached
home,
Her scolding she renew'd,
And stripped off poor Pussey's
clothes,
Altho' she scratch'd & mew'd.
In violent rage Dame took a
birch,
And whipp'd with might and
main ; [swore,
While in Cat's language Pussey
She'd ne'er offend again.

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